Pand. Do you heere my Lord, do you heere.

Troyl. What now?

Pand. Heer's a letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me read,

Pand. A whorson tisick, a whorson rascally tisick, so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one ath's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones, that vnlesse a man were curst I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes she there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter frō the heart,
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Go winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors still she feedes,
But edifies another with her deedes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites: excurſions.

Therſi. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: Ile go looke on, that dissembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that same scruuie dooting fooliſh knaues sleeue of Troy there in his helme. I would faine see them meete, that that same young Troyan asse that loues the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villaine with the sleeue, back to the dissembling luxurious drabbe of a sleeueleſſe arrant. Ath' tother side, the pollicie of those craftie swearing raskalls; that stale old Mouse-eaten drye cheese *Neſtor*: and that same dogge-foxe *Vliſſes*, is not proou'd worth a Black-berry. They set mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curre *Aiax*, against that dogge of as bad a kinde *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Aiax*, prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Where-vpon the Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes sleeue & tother.

Troy. Flye not, for shouldst thou take the riuer Stix, I would swim after,

Diomed. Thou dooſt miscall retire,
I doe not flie, but aduantagious care,
With-drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Troian,

Now

Now the sleeue, now the sleeue.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art Greeke, art thou for *Hectors* match.
Art thou of bloud and honour.

Ther. No, no, I am a raskall, a scuruy rayling knaue, a very filthy roague.

Hect. I do beleeue thee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeue me, but a plague breake thy neck --- for fighting me: whats become of the wenching roagues? I thinke they haue swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle --- yet in a sort lechery eates it selfe, ile seeke them. *Exit.*

Enter Diomed and Seruant.

Dio. Goe go, my seruant take thou *Troylus* horse,
Present the faire steed to my Lady *Creſſid*,
Fellow commend my seruice to her beauty:
Tell her I haue chastis'd the amorous Troyan,
And am her knight by proofe. *Enter Agamem.*

Man. I goe my Lord.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamas*,
Hath beate downe *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*,
Hath *Doreus* prisoner.
And stands *Coloſſus* wise wauing his beame,
Vpon the pasht corses of the Kings:
Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is slaine,
Amphimacus and *Thous* deadly hurt,
Patroclus tane or slaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruised, the dreadfull Sagittary,
Appalls our numbers, hast we *Diomed*,
To re-enforcement or we perish all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the snail-pac't *Aiax* arme for shame,
There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his horse,
And there lacks worke, anon he's there a foote
And there they flie or die, like scaling sculls,
Before the belching Whale, then is he yonder: